

## Best Friends

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Summary: A one shot I wrote after watching Rob Zombie's Version and wondering if Michael Myers had any childhood friends before he murdered his family.

## Best Friends

A floor board creaked under her small feet. Her petite form moved backward until her shoulders hit the wall behind her. Shadows moved around the house like spirits. Her breaths came in rapid succession as she tried to see back to her friend, her best friend, her Michael. It had been so long since she'd last seen him. Her mind had told her never to cross that terrible boundary that was his front door. Her feet had carried her there by their own will, on Halloween of all nights, after a short visit to the library. Before she knew it, her hand was holding the cold doorknob in a vice like grip and she was pulled from her thoughts at last. She had told herself to turn around, that she needed to utterly forget those times with himâ€¦|

"\_I don't understand why he's so mean to you, what did you do?" A six year old girl asked.\_

"\_Nothing he just, he's a drunk he doesn't need a reason to be mean." A much smaller Michael answered.\_

"\_Is it just him? I can't even imagine, it must be really hard to live here." Her small eyes took a backward glance at the front door.\_

"\_It is. No it's my sister to, and even my mom sometimes, things just make me so mad I bottle everything up I try not to but I can't help it, some days I wish I wasn't alive, you know?"\_

\_He had taken a long pause.\_

"\_And some days, I just wish they weren't."\_

She never thought he'd put the latter thought into reality.

Her mind traveled back to his small form sitting with her on the front porch steps of his house, walking to the bus stop, different small things they did. She'd been thinking of him a lot lately, as always when Halloween approached.

"I need to let it go! He's not the Michael I knew, he killed his family, there's no way you can ever see him again like the good old days." She told herself as she stood still as a statue in front of his house, her nails digging into her skin and steel from her hold on the knob.

"Fuck it."

She'd tried to forget really she did. But living right across the street from his old house it was hard to. She'd look out her kitchen window and see his porch steps and remember far back, 12 years back. And now here she was, in his house. She had looked around a little; a lot had changed in 12 years. Her hands had slid down the walls a bit; there were still a few blood spatters here and there, though she had wondered why the police hadn't cleaned that up after the scene had been cleared. She had even ventured a look into his room, bare now. She had crept down the stairs, satisfied with her inner self for finally making closure on him, by remembering him as he was in his home. As her feet came to the last stair on the staircase she saw something she dreaded. His form was standing in the doorway, he had at least two feet on her in height now, and who knows how many more pounds. Her foot made an echoing creak as she came to the flatness of the first floor once again, and she looked up into the mask trying too hard to see the pale blue eyes she had once adored.

He took a terrifying step towards her, and she moved a bit to the right, clearing herself away from the staircase. He took another stride and she started to move backwards. Another memory forced itself into her canal of thinking,

"\_You're my best friend right?" He asked her one day.\_

"\_Of course Mikey, and you're mine. Right?" She had almost seemed a bit scared like he'd say no.\_

"\_Yep." He stood up then and helped her up from the grass in his yard. After she was standing he took a step closer and gave her a hug. Her arms stuck out for a minute, and then she wrapped them around him to. \_

"Michael? It's me, it's Gracie, remember?" Her mind was screaming "Please Michael remember me!"

They had continued this routine of him stepping toward her, and Gracie moving back until her back collided with the wall. She felt another board below her creak, and her breathing became rapid. The darkness moved around her, the shadows felt like they were watching her, as well as her friend in front of her. She felt it in the depths of her soul, in the cracks of her bones; she knew he'd not remembered her. She was just an intruder in his house, like every other party kid she'd seen enter. And she'd die like the rest. Soon his last step

echoed through the hallway, and his form stood directly in front of her. His knife gleamed in the light of the moon. Gracie took one last final look into the eye holes of his mask, and what she saw there frightened her, as well as pleased her. She saw the blue in his eyes. She saw the pale blue she remembered.

"Michael! You, You do remember me don't you?"

He took a small stride backwards, and she, a brave step toward him.

"Michael, you're not going to hurt me are you? Please?"

He looked down a bit at her, and tilted his head to the side. He lowered his knife just a bit. She took another small step in his direction.

"You're my best friend right?" What she heard then shocked her.

"Of course Gracie!" A raspy unused voice touched her ears.

She broke through all fear and hugged him then. Her eyes watering. When she looked back up into his eyes, her heart sank, the blue had vanished completely, and the deadly black of his irises had returned. He slammed her small form against the wall, and stabbed her in the stomach. His eyes watching the life leave her body. He slipped the steel blade further into her abdomen, tilting his head once again, and shifting it to move up inch by bloody inch. Her eyes blinked a few times, her last memories were of her happier days, with her Michael. He took back his blade and wiped it clean. He sat on the stairs then for a moment.

"Best Friends?" His voice melded with the air once again, and floated to the ears of his dying Gracie.

End  
file.